**Alex Morgan**, Short Termer in Recife, Brazil, writes:

Alex’s Monday Missionary Mash-up!

Now this week not much has happened except time seems to have sped up, all the days are already blurring into one timeless mass even though this message marks only 2 weeks in Brazil. Time in Brazil is a strange thing, the sun is either at the highest point in the sky or it is hiding beneath the ocean horizon. Which means there is no feeling of passing of time like there is in England where the hours are broken up by different weather, clouds and shadows growing along the floor. Both and all the clocks I have are electrical and seem to glide between British and Brazilian time whenever they like which isn’t the least bit helpful.

I have however learned to tell sort of tell the time by what’s going on in the house, Everyone wakes up at about 6 so they can get ready and get to school on time and there is breakfast. Breakfast is not the most important meal of the day in Brazil it is something to wake yourself up in the morning, normally in Brazil it is quick meal usually complemented with a coffee. In the house it is no different (save for the coffee) and usually consists of 2 small bread rolls with butter.

Then there is what I call the break, this is where most of the kids are at school and is the time where everything that needs to be done gets done; washing clothes, putting the barrel of drink in the freezer so it is cold for lunch time and all of those kinds of things.

After which there is lunch time. This marks about 2-3 o’clock-ish this is where we have lunch, which is the biggest and most important meal of the day. I’m not sure how school works everywhere else in Brazil but here all our boys are home by lunch time, or we do not start without them at least. At lunch the idea is to fill your belly with as much as your stomach can hold and then you go to sleep for a couple of hours. So not only can you get up again at 6 tomorrow, but you don’t fall asleep and can experience the Brazilian night life. Although for our boys it’s just so they can wake up tomorrow.

Now this hour to 2 hours sometimes maybe even 3 is where the time gets tricky, because while some will wake after only an hour and go fishing the smaller ones will sleep almost until dinner. So I have no bearing on any time until at least dinner. Which is usually about 6-7 o’clock and is usually a reheated version of lunch. After that it is dark and time is completely irrelevant. The man on night shift will come in just after dinner and we’ll all sit and watch a badly dubbed film and at the end of that it is time for beddy byes. At least for the kids.

And that is a day in the life of a Brazilian. Of course it does get mixed up and changed a bit but that is the generally what goes on in most of Brazil. And in the interests of keeping this message from out growing a page that is where we will end this week’s Monday missionary mash-up madness.

If you have any questions for me do not hesitate to email me, my new and unblocked email is alex\_morgan43@yahoo.co.uk or send me a message via my blog or Facebook me.

**Alex Morgan**

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